Guidance from the Heavens

By Jonathan Olvera

This was a time in the history of mainland America—the Americas. It was a busy time for men, while women and children found comfort in the innocence of shelter. The work had to be done. Many days, the labor and order of this work were kept secret, and men had to battle for their purpose—to be useful among the cement and the animals in captivity.

Yet, I found hope. It shimmered in the stars above the ground. That light guided me as I sifted through the earth, searching for gold. I found work, though many others were less fortunate.

But I didn't even want to work.

Imagine not wanting to be in your own skin, longing to escape to a faraway land, to run and never look back.

I made time to study the Scriptures, to immerse myself in the Bible. Passage after passage, I sought understanding, using my wit and faith to grasp the depth of its words. Every day, I saw the angels and the guardian beasts of heaven reveal themselves to me. My belief grew stronger with each reading. My faith never wavered.

I came to understand that men are carnivores, bound by time and our place in creation. Cattle must be used for food. And so, I pray, asking the angels to bless my hands and my home, for there is always work to be done. It is a battle to rise each day and care for the flocks of the pastures God has created.

The greatness of the angels, both on earth and in the sky, has inspired me to write of the **guidance** they provide in my exercise, in my health, and in my spirit.

I pray and plead that everyone may find a place to kneel before God—to seek this holy guidance, to receive the breath of the Holy Ghost, and to embrace the blessing of eternity in the grace of our Creator and the warm embrace of the angels in the sky.